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The Ballad of Boston Fire.

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BY G. P. LATHROP.

Oh! that deep shout! The impassive, sparkling sky

Gives it a keen rebound,
And sends it swift through every heart—the cry
Of helpers nearing. Fiercely they drove by,
And echoes swept the ground.

All night the wild flames wrapped the eastern vault,

Blasting the chilly stars:
And on the prostrate town the fierce assault
Of fire smote blow on blow, and without halt,
In broad, red-streaming scars,

Till morning's brimming light rose o'er the marge.

Then smoke as from the pyre
Of some slain host floats slowly, dark and large,
Against the dawn. Hark to the bursting charge!
Oh! Boston is on fire!

Now human deeds meet human needs, for now
Self is no longer known.
Unconscious right gives godlike strength to bow
The furious foe. And in this hour, I trow,
No man is weak or lone;

For all partake a common heritage
Of sympathy and power;
Proud piles laid low, these make a noble stage
Where men their equals know by Nature's gauge,
And none need cringe or cower.

The next day passed; the night, with tumbling swells

Of resonant bells, and gleams
Of deadly fire, and shouts—sounds like shattering shells,

Earth-muffled—tumult that the morn dispels;
Then all is o'er, it seems.

Great hours and sad! What splendor swept away!
What brave wounds won, what death!
Yet great; for to have shared such griefs, I say,
Is priceless gain. Oh! to have bled that day
And drawn a hero's breath!

—The Independent.

Moscheles in London.

(Further Extracts from the Memoirs. Translated for this Journal. Continued from page 330.)

1823.—We have spoken of the conscientiousness with which Moscheles corrected the proof of his published compositions as something unique, perhaps, in its way. He was not less particular about his lessons; so he was a good deal annoyed that winter by a lady pupil well advanced in years. She had already seen her 60 summers and was, like her somewhat older brother, unmarried. "Both of them are dressed according to the fashion of their youth, which gives the short and thick-set pair a comical appearance. Her tall head-dress, his nankeen trousers, blue frock and gilded buttons are enough to convulse one with laughter—especially the old maid. She seems determined not to learn, for as often as I urge her to play during the 45 to 50 minutes which I

devote to her, I can scarcely bring her to it. The good woman is a great talker, but she is also hospitable. I have to breakfast with her every time, and while I am eating she narrates, until I finally compel her to try her gouty, gristly little fingers on a modern piece. My conscience does not permit me to pocket the guinea, which she hands me neatly wrapped up every time, if the pupil and I have not been industrious together."

Moscheles was much astonished at the English custom, in orchestral concerts, of seating some celebrated musician at the pianoforte in front, and on the occasion of a Philharmonic concert we find the question: "What do they mean by 'Conductor, Mr. Clementi'?" He sits there turning over the leaves of the score, but without his marshal's staff, or baton, so that he cannot lead his musical army. That is done solely by the leading violinist (*Vorgeiger*), and the conductor is a nullity. And think now of this programme! C-minor symphony of Beethoven, played here for the first time; and right after this sublime work—this feast for the gods—a set of flute variations, a violin concerto, and various arias. Added to this, Mozart's G-minor symphony, and, for the conclusion, an overture by Romberg—a programme which I write down here so that I never may forget it."

Many were the English dilettanti who made it an especial honor to themselves to be in intercourse with artists, and let themselves be heard in competition with them in their grand soirees. Thus Sir W. Curtis on the cello, Mrs. Oom on the piano, and likewise Mrs. Fleming; Prince Leopold and Princess Sophia, the sister of King George IV., were constant and attentive listeners. But Moscheles complains: "I have to make and hear too much shallow music."

As a peculiar and edifying festival, he describes the annual musical service of the 6,000 charity school children in St. Paul's Cathedral. "The moment when the whole crowd of children rise at once, is imposing. But (he adds) how could *all*, with that powerful organ accompaniment to the psalms, which they sang in unison, also get out of tune *unisono*? In fact, they fell every time a quarter of a tone! From this one may infer the small musical endowment of the nation."

1825.—Moscheles and his wife commonly passed their Sundays at Clementi's, in Elstree, not far from London, where there was a chamber always kept in readiness for them. "Clementi is one of the most vigorous septuagenarians one can meet. Very early in the morning we observed him from our widow, with his bald head uncovered in spite of the morning dew, running about in the garden. His lively disposition never lets him rest. At the table he is never weary of talking and joking; he can also become violent, for he is a hot-blooded Italian nature. He can seldom be induced

to play any more. He declares that he has had a stiff hand ever since he fell from a sledge in Russia; there are people who think he is unwilling to play any more, because the *bravura* has made such progress as to be beyond his reach. His wife (it is his second wife) forms the greatest contrast to him. She is English, and as moderate and calm as he is sparkling and vivacious." Clementi was at that time proprietor, with the brothers Collard, of an enterprising piano-making business. Moscheles ascribes to the instruments of their make a lighter touch than to those of Broadwood, on which account he used them by preference for his performances in public; he also found their tone more brilliant, whereas Broadwood, with a somewhat duller sound and heavier action, aimed more at fullness of tone. William Collard, the younger brother, he calls "one of the cleverest men he ever came across." He was the intimate friend and adviser of the young couple; he, too, was regularly to be found at Elstree. When the friends were together Clementi used to say: "Moscheles, play me something." Then M. would choose some sonata by his host, who, during the performance, swayed his little thick-set figure to and fro with a satisfied smile, his hands behind his back, and often exclaimed "*Bravo!*" and patting Moscheles, when he had done, upon the shoulder, overwhelmed him with new bravos.

At length "the season has been fought through;" they can leave London and taste the sweets of real rest. They accept an invitation of the Fleming family to Stoneham Park (Southampton). The lady of the house was a pupil of Moscheles. Both she and her husband, simple and genial people, with all their wealth and luxury, zealously exerted themselves to make their stay as agreeable as as possible to their guests. So far as personal intercourse was concerned they succeeded perfectly; but the "high life" did not always agree with Moscheles and his wife. "We cannot enjoy the wonderfully beautiful park so fully, because we only get to bed between one and two o'clock after midnight; so we have to spend the morning hours in sleep, and it is almost eleven o'clock before the toilet is made for breakfast. After this meal I am left to myself, for composing or practising, only until two o'clock, when luncheon is served. (The *Etudes* in E flat major and A-minor were composed here.) My Charlotte practises with Mrs. Fleming in the splendid music-hall, where the grand piano sounds like an organ, or they pass the time reading and working in the boudoir tapestried with bright blue silk, in which are heaped all the last books that have appeared in the literary world, while the lovely group they form with the Fleming children is reflected back upon them from eight mirrors. At luncheon the question is asked, what carriage—what horses are desired? Mrs. Fleming lays claim to my wife for her pony carriage, in

which she is her own coachman; so I ride with some gentlemen. The second toilet, for the dinner, must be finished by eight o'clock in the evening." Further on he writes: "Just now Lord Palmerston, his brother, Mr. Temple, his sister, Mrs. Sullivan, and her husband, too, are here. It is interesting to be so near his Lordship and to hear the Parliamentary conversation that is carried on at the table, of course all in the interests of the purest Toryism. Well that the art I represent may stand on neutral ground!" Again we read: "To-day new guests, this time from the neighborhood, although not from the nearest, since all the land for ten English miles around belongs to our host; besides which he has an estate on the Isle of Wight. When dinner is over and the gentlemen remain by themselves, then politics begin in earnest; but towards midnight in the drawing room Art gains the upper hand again; then there is music-making until one or two o'clock; no wonder that the first rays of the morning sun do not wake us."

1826.—On the 7th of April Moscheles performed, for the first time publicly, his "Recollections of Ireland," which were warmly received. The concert room was crowded to excess, probably owing to the presence of CARL MARIA VON WEBER, who directed an aria of his own, sung by Mme. Caradori, and his overture to *Euryanthe*. The great man had been in London for a few weeks when this concert occurred. He stayed at the house of his friend, Sir George Smart, where Moscheles often saw him, though he was not accessible to the curious crowd that wished to call on him. His seriously shattered state of health required that rest, for which he could have little opportunity. "How it must have affected him when he appeared yesterday, for the first time, before an English public, in Covent Garden Theatre! The thundering applause with which he was received touched us all deeply; how much more him, the honored guest, the object of all this enthusiasm! Weber directed on the stage an abridgement of his *Freyshuetz*. The overture was repeated with jubilant applause. Braham, Miss Paton and Phillips sang the principal pieces of the opera with inspiration. Weber reached out his hands to the singers during the enthusiastic applause to express his gratification. At the end of the performance the whole pit stood upon the benches, waving hats and handkerchiefs and cheering the master. I saw him afterwards utterly exhausted in the foyer of the theatre; he was already too sick to enjoy this unwonted triumph in a foreign land so fully, as we, his countrymen, enjoyed it for him:—besides me, above all his own and our own poet, Kind, the flute-player, Furstenau, who had travelled with him, the good old harp maker, Stumpff, who had been settled for years in London, and the often mentioned Schulz."

On the 12th of March, Moscheles heard Weber improvise in a party at the house of Braham, the singer. He interwove some themes from the *Freyshuetz* in the most interesting manner, although without any special manifestation of power. This, alas! his physical condition would no longer allow, and yet he hurried off at 11 o'clock to a second great soiree

at Mrs. Coutt's, because she had paid him well. After he had left Braham's his melancholy condition was much talked about."

On the 13th of March Weber is a guest at the dinner-table of Moscheles. "What a pleasure! But even there our sympathy was most deeply moved, for he entered our sitting-room speechless: the one short flight of stairs which led up to it had completely taken away his breath. He sank into a chair that stood near the door, but soon recovered himself, and was then the most amiable, most bright and genial of companions. In the evening we drove with him to the Philharmonic concert, the first which he had heard, and where a Haydn and a Beethoven symphony were given satisfactorily."

The next Philharmonic concert, on the 3rd of April, was conducted by Weber himself. This was the programme:

- Overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Freyshuetz."
Aria by Weber (composed by Mme. Milder) sung by Mme. Caradori.
1. C-sharp Minor Concerto by Rie; 2. E-flat do. by Beethoven; 3. Hungarian Rondo by Pixis (this *Pasticcio* was played by a German, Schunke, under the direction of the great German master!)

"On the 11th of April I attended the general rehearsal of *Oberon* in Covent Garden Theatre, which was as full as if it were the performance, and without interruption; the costumes, too, as well as the splendid scenery with the rising moon in the "Ocean" aria, were remarkably fine. This Aria, which Weber wrote in London for Miss Paton, made a grand effect, as well as the great Aria in the part of Huon, composed for Braham. To both singers was given the opportunity to display their powerful voices and produce certain striking effects, which caused great enthusiasm in the pit. Weber at his desk must have felt that the whole English nation cheered him in that assembly, and that here his works are bound to live."

Of the first performance the papers had nothing but what was excellent to report. But the poor master himself whom Moscheles visited almost daily, was growing weaker and weaker in the midst of these triumphs; yet he kept up his active London life and directed in several concerts, in which Moscheles also took part, his overtures to *Freyshuetz*, *Oberon*, &c.

"On the 18th of May (say Moscheles) we co-operated in an original manner in behalf of Braham. It was his annual benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, and he, the most popular of English singers, always knew how to delight his third gallery (called, on account of its dizzy height, the 'seat of the gods') by sailor songs. To-day it was the same as usual on like occasions. Moreover, that popular coquette, Mme. Vestris, found a willing audience in those 'gods,' who rule the house, in an operetta called 'The Slave,' and in divers nursery songs, like 'Goosie, Goosie Gander,' &c. So far, all went splendidly; but Braham had missed his reckoning when he undertook to set before this company a concert of good music as a second part, which he named 'Apollo's Festival,' and which, after all the *fadaises* that had gone before, began with Weber's Overture to *The Ruler of the Spirits*. Did no one observe that Weber himself conducted? I know not; but the shouting and screaming of the gallery, amid which it was played through unheard to

the end, enraged me; and, already much excited, I seated myself at my instrument upon the stage and gave a sign to the orchestra below me to begin my 'Recollections of Ireland.' Immediately, during the somewhat serious introduction, the rude gallery crowd began its unruly conduct—whistling, hissing, applauding, and calling out: 'Are you comfortable, Jack?' &c., &c., accompanied by salvos of sucked orange peels. I saw and heard it all in alternating *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, and it seemed to me as if all the elements were at war, and I should have to succumb to it. But God be praised, I did not succumb, for in this new and unexpected situation I conceived the resolution not to break off suddenly, but to show to the better part of the public that I was prepared to fulfil what I had promised. I leaned down to the violin leader and said: 'I will keep moving my hands to and fro as if I were playing; let your orchestra do about the same. After a while I will give you a sign, and then we will cease together. No sooner said than done. As I went bowing off the stage, I was overwhelmed with a storm of applause. The 'gods' were jubilant at getting rid of me. And now came on Miss Paton with a serious concert aria, and had a similar fate. She stopped three times, came back again at the call of the better audience, who demanded 'silence,' and tried to sing, but finally went off weeping with the words: 'I cannot sing.' This demonstration was followed by thundering applause; and now began new street ballads, sailor songs, &c., &c., and new satisfaction and attention in the galleries."

The affair was talked of in the newspapers a week long, and Moscheles won much praise for his cool behavior, while poor Miss Paton had much to suffer for her tears.

(To be Continued.)

From Goethe.

Goods gone—something gone!

Must bend to the oar,

And earn thee some more.

Honor gone—much gone!

Must go and gain glory;

Then the idling gossips will alter their story.

Courage gone—all's gone!

Better never have been born!

J. S. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Science.

O Science! with thy cold, gray, piercing eye,
How grand and startling are thy mysteries,
Making the earth unveil her histories,
Searching creation's secrets far and nigh!
With joy I follow thee, and read thy ways,
In flower and leaf, in sun and planet shown;
No farthest star-dust but to thee is known,
No meanest atom can escape thy gaze.
But the great thoughts that bid our spirits pause,
Those words before whose meanings, deep and high,
We bow in silent awe, and baffled lie,
Life, Death, Eternity—the great First Cause!
Before them mute thou liest with the rest,
Nor canst or doubt dispel, or hope suggest.

X.

My First Meeting with Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

[From the German of Prof. J. C. Lobe.]

A QUARTET AT GOETHE'S.

It was in the beginning of November, in the year 1821, that three members of the Court Chapel at Weimar (I, the writer of these lines one of the three) were ordered to the presence of Lord Geheirath von Goethe, and conducted by his servants to the well-known apartment, arranged in the front in the following manner. Three desks stood by the side of an opened grand piano ready for us. Upon these lay a roll of notes. Inquisitive as I ever was and am now in anything relating to music, I eagerly turned over the leaves and saw: Studies in double counterpoint; another part had Fugues written over it; a third, Canons; then came a Quartet for Piano, arranged with accompaniment of violin, viola and 'cello. Upon every part stood the name of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The notes were written in a firm, elegant hand, and as well as I could learn from a hasty glance, showed the work of a capable and accomplished artist. The name Mendelssohn, like the music, was unknown to us.

We took our instruments in our hands, and as a preliminary step were putting them in tune with the piano, when in walked a tall man, who from his military, erect bearing might be taken for a Guard master of former days. To me he was no stranger, for I had visited the year previous in Berlin. It was Prof. Zelter, the well-known director of the Singing Academy at Berlin, Goethe's true friend.

He greeted us kindly, and me as an old acquaintance. "I am going, dear sirs, at the very outset, to make a request of you. You will become acquainted with a boy 12 years old, my scholar, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. His skill as a performer on the piano, and better still his talent as a composer will make you enthusiastic. The *shouting* of amateurs affects him not; but for the opinion of *musicians* he listens eagerly, and takes each one for a bright pure coin, for the young boy is naturally too inexperienced to distinguish between *well wishing encouragement* and *merited acknowledgment*. Therefore, my dear sirs, if you should become stirred up to a song of praise,—a thing I can at the same time wish and fear,—be moderate, not too enthusiastic, but let your praise be in C major, the sincere tone. Up to this time I have warned him of over-estimation of self and conceit, the cursed enemies of all artistic success."

Before we could return anything to this in some measure remarkable speech, Felix came bounding in, a beautiful boy with decidedly Jewish features, slender and supple, with long wavy black locks, flowing down his neck. Spirit and life sparkled from his eyes. He looked at us one instant with an inquisitive glance, then walked up and gave each a friendly confiding grasp of the hand like an old acquaintance.

Goethe, who entered with Felix, returned our respectful bows with friendly greeting. "My friend," nodding to Zelter, "has brought with him a little Berliner who will give us a great treat in his performance. Now, shall we learn to know him as a composer, whereto I

request your assistance. So let us hear, my child, what thy young head has brought forth." With this Goethe stroked the boy's curly head.

He immediately ran to the notes, laid the parts for us on the desks, placed the principal part on the piano and hastily took his seat upon the stool. Zelter stationed himself a little behind Felix; Goethe a few paces to the right, with his hands crossed behind his back. The little composer gave a hasty glance at us; we laid on the bow; a motion from his curly head, and the play began. Goethe listened with the closest attention to every part, without making any more particular demonstration than a "good" to one part, to another a "Bravo," which he accompanied with an assenting nod. We, remembering Zelter's admonition, showed to the boy, whose color mounted higher and higher, only by our countenances our delighted approval.

When the last part was ended Felix sprang up from his seat, and looked around the circle with a speaking glance; but Goethe (probably at a sign from Zelter) spoke and said to Felix: "Very well, my son; the countenances of these gentlemen," pointing to us, "speak out plainly enough that thy work has pleased them well. Now go out into the garden, one awaits thee there, and amuse and cool thyself. Thou now glowest with heat."

Without anything farther Felix sprang to the door. When we raised our questioning looks to Goethe to know if we should leave, he said: "Tarry a little, my masters; my friend and I wish to hear your opinion of the boy's composition."

It is now so long since that entertainment that after the lapse of so many years I may not be able to give a full and particular account of it; especially as I find no record of it in my note book. But some circumstances I have ever remembered, which my later nearer relations with Mendelssohn served to fix in my memory.

Goethe regretted that we had only learned to know the little one in a quartet. "The wonderful musical children," said he, "are in respect to technical skill not so great a rarity now-a-days; but what this little man can do in improvisation, that borders on the marvellous, and I had not believed it possible in one so young."

"And yet," said Zelter, "thou hast heard at Frankfort Mozart play in his seventh year."

"Yes," replied Goethe, "I myself was just twelve years old, and was like every one else greatly astonished at his extraordinary skill. But what thy scholar has just done is in comparison like the perfect speech of an adult with the lisping of a child."

"But the question with me," said Zelter, "is of the boy's creative talent;" and turning towards us, "what do the gentlemen think of his quartet composition?"

We on our side spoke with the entire conviction that Felix had produced as much of real worth as Mozart had at the same age. "Now one could dare to predict that the world would hold this boy as a second Mozart."

"It may be so," said Goethe, "but who can say how a spirit may develop itself in the end? We have seen so many of such promising tal-

ents pursue the wrong course and thus disappoint our high hopes."

"I am very much in earnest with the young one," said Zelter, "and keep him, besides his own original works, ever curbed by the rigid Counterpoint studies. But how long can this continue? I can really teach him nothing more, and once free, it will at once be seen in what direction his real talent lies."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that which an artist does of great and real merit must be created from himself alone. What teachers must Raphael, Michel Angelo, Mozart, Haydn, and all other distinguished masters thank for their undying creations?"

"Truly," remarked Zelter, "there have many begun like Mozart, but yet none equal him. Felix has fancy, sentiment, and apt technical science in an eminent degree; he has throughout good, sometimes charming boyish conceptions and nothing less; but yet it is only pretty music; the spirit of genius moves not in it, therefore I will not delude myself. Do you not think as I do, gentlemen?"

When he had thus spoken we could not but agree with him. "Yet," I added, "neither in Mozart's *boyish* compositions did the spirit of genius show itself."

Here I asked whether this quartet which we had just heard was produced by the boy alone?

"Yes, yes," answered Zelter, "all in his own hand and style. What you have just heard he brings completed without any assistance. I know well how most masters do. In order to deify their art as teachers, they scribble over the works of their scholars so that little of the original thoughts of the scholar remain, and then give it out as the work of the pupil. This is base swindling and charlatanry, which deceives not only the audience but the scholar himself, who deludes himself with the idea that it is his own work. It is an evil which has already destroyed much really fine talent and checked it in its onward course. I leave him then to discover and do what he can do. There always remains ever fresh the love of creating, and his joy in the work is not embittered by the critic. This comes soon enough of itself. The discernment awakes, and with it the impulse to new and better works. As for that, this twelve-year old boy has done more than many thirty years of age. Now, may Heaven guard this rare plant from all disturbing influences, and a splendid example will develop itself."

These were the circumstances which I now remember of my first meeting with Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

TWENTY AND SIX YEARS LATER.

Little could it be known that the strong, healthy, lively, ever cheerful and in every relation happy man was sometimes depressed with presentiments that an early death would be his fate. When he played his "Paulus" in the Weimar City Church, we sat alone together after a rehearsal in the chamber of the crown prince, and I, at that time a great hypochondriac, remarked that I should enjoy few of his later works. "Oh my friend," said he, "you will long outlive me."

I would often jest with him about his presentiments, but he would repeat his fixed assurance in these words: "I shall not grow

old." But then he would repent of such a speech, and his face would assume the most cheerful expression, and he would go to deliberating over his next rehearsal, during which was made prominent in an eminent degree the friendliness and willingness with which all his co-operators came to meet him.

How could I, with that man, beautiful in form, and in the fullness of health before me, a little over thirty years old, how could I think that in a few years his prophecy would be fulfilled?

I moved to Leipzig in 1846, found him gay, lively, on every side uninterruptedly active, had the delight of many learned, instructive conversations with him, one of which I have recorded. One year later, in 1847, just in his eighth and thirtieth year, six and twenty years after my first meeting with the beautiful, genial boy at Goethe's, they bore this great Master of Melody from his dwelling to the Church Paulina. Near his coffin walked countless mourners, the writer of these lines one of the number.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 26.—On Thursday evening Mr. DAVID D. WOOD, the highly talented and efficient organist of St. Stephen's Church, gratified his numerous friends and admirers by giving an Organ Recital at the Church. The programme was a rare one.

Fantasia et Fuga, G Minor J. S. Bach.
Symphonia Pastorale, from the "Christmas Oratorio" J. S. Bach.
Recitative and Aria, tenor ("Deeper and Deeper Still," from "Jephtha") Handel.
Chorale, with variations, "By the Rivers of Babylon." J. S. Bach.
Twenty-third Psalm (for two soprano and two alto voices) F. Schubert.
Allegro Maestoso, wind instruments (W. T. Best's arrangement) Mozart.
Aria, Soprano, "Hear ye, Israel" Mendelssohn.
Sonata No. 6 Mendelssohn.
Aria, alto, "O pardon me, my God" (with violin obligato) J. S. Bach.
Serenade Trio (by request) Beethoven.
Quartet, Benedictus, from "Requiem Mass" Mozart.
a. Nachtstück, op. 23 R. Schumann.
b. Waldscenen, op. 82 R. Schumann.
Recitative and Aria, bass, "Arm! Arm! ye brave!" from Judas Maccabeus Handel.
Chorus, "Acis and Galatea" Handel.

The organ is a superb instrument, made some five or six years ago by Mr. Simmons of your city. The mechanism is very intricate, but its effects are perfect. Mr. Wood's playing throughout the whole programme defies the subtlest criticism. His pedal execution is beyond that of any other organist I have ever heard, and his manual performance is not excelled.

The enormous difficulties of the Bach Fugue seemed to be so completely overcome that it appeared child's play in his hands. So, too, in the "By the Rivers of Babylon" chorale, written for two pedals, the lightning rapidity and crispness of the pedal part were surpassingly great. Once more, in the "Acis and Galatea" chorus, did we have a chance to notice Mr. Wood's remarkable accomplishment.

That lovely serenade of Beethoven's received an exquisitely delicate rendering; so different from the sweeping massiveness with which the Grand Chorus poured on our ears, this truly seemed like the "Benediction that follows after prayer." Again into the "Pastorale" Mr. Wood infused such a poetic sentiment that, blending with the holiness of the place, it carried us back through the dusty centuries to the silent first Christmas eve. The Mozart "Allegro Maestoso" was the least grateful of all. It seemed not to assert itself as amply as the others;

but it too was mightily handled by the artist. The Schumann pieces were arranged for the organ by Mr. Wood himself, and consequently they were all that one could desire in effect and performance.

Miss Lauderbach's singing in "Hear ye, Israel," was slightly marred by her indistinct pronunciation of the words, a quality so essential to oratorio singing; but her voice was delightful, especially in the major portion. Miss Young's interpretation of the Bach aria (from the St. Matthew Passion) was entirely satisfactory; her voice is rich and pure, her method graceful. Mr. Hahn performed the violin obligato neatly and efficiently. Mr. Briscoe in his solo was remarkably successful; his style is crude and methodless and voice somewhat throaty, but his declamation was intelligent and distinct. Mr. Hamilton's singing was bad, uncertainty and misconception of the aria were not atoned for by his naturally fine voice.

OCT. 30.—On Monday last the long looked for RUBINSTEIN made his first appearance in our city; the vast Academy of Music was well-nigh crowded with an intelligent and brilliant audience. The Orchestra, under Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, opened the concert with the *Egmont* overture. It was only passably well done, lacking light and shade.

Then came Rubinstein; shaggy and reserved, he walked on through the rolling applause and began his D-minor concerto. This much I can say, that it interested and aroused the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. The opening allegro is a perfect bouquet of effects; tenderness growing out of stormy passion and passion dying out through tenderness. The Andante was exquisite, and the finale seemed a very Niagara of force and startling wonders. The audience was carried away, and roar after roar breaking forth showed that Philadelphia homage too was given to Rubinstein. Mr. WIENIAWSKI introduced himself to us in the Mendelssohn E-minor concerto. The same perfect purity and graceful accuracy which characterizes Rubinstein's style is Wieniawski's. Never did we hear so gratefully this perfect concerto. In his own "Legend" we were still more delighted; it is a lovely fairy piece, and, followed as it was by "Airs Russes," brought on a storm of applause, recalling the artist some six times. The closing pieces were from Rubinstein: Handel's D-minor aria and variations, Mozart's A-minor rondo, and the march from the *Ruins of Athens*, each winning a tribute of fresh admiration. The lady singers I did not admire. Mlle. Liebhart sang "Angels ever bright and fair," with poor phrasing, but her voice is rather good. Mlle. Ormeny sang the everlasting *Cenerentola* air with great spirit, but with indifferent method. At the second concert, on Tuesday, the 29th, another immense audience assembled. Herr Rubinstein gave us Beethoven's G-major Concerto. This was by far the most attractive of all his performances. The Cadences, I must say, are unrivalled in execution and have their own intrinsic merit; but this was Beethoven's Concerto, and the introduction of another's work seems like writing Washington's name with a middle letter. The Schumann "Carnival" was such a novelty here that each quickly succeeding air of the harlequin lot was more admired than its predecessor. Rubinstein was certainly Schumann for the time, for example, in the "Sphinx" and "Chopin"; it was as if he was creating as he played. Of the closing pieces, Liszt's Schubert's "Erl King" was the noblest in expression; the words seemed to be in every note; and in the closing chord, "Das Kind war tot," the very strings of the piano seemed to enunciate.

Wieniawski in his "Faust" fantasia was very great; the "Salve dimora" and "O notte splendor" were as if some celestial "Faust" was singing

to him and inspiring him to his divine and tender execution. For encore he gave a well known popular song in the same clear, conscientious way as before. The Paganini "Carnival" being "encored," he played, deliciously, "Ernst's Elegie."

The selections of Rubinstein at the third concert were Schumann's A-minor concerto, a sonata of Weber's, and his own "Barcarole," "Etude," and "Melodie."

The Concerto, of course, was the event of the evening. To me it is the greatest of all piano concertos; the decisive introduction, the beautiful and delicate second movement, and the laughing Finale, all were given as only Rubinstein could do it. Wieniawski contributed his D-minor concerto. Of course it was delightful; but once or twice a lumbering blast from the French horn in the *pp* passages seemed very much to annoy the performer, and hence marred the particular effect. The Orchestration is exceedingly tasteful, and indeed the entire work is one of undoubted merit and worth. Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" by Paganini, and his own "Legende," were productive of tremendous applause. His marvellous chromatic passages seemed in the Paganini fantasia to show to greater advantage than at any of the previous performances. Mlle. Liebhart sang Ardit's "Bacio" with much more *savoir faire* than she had hitherto showed, and in the encore, "Within a mile of Edinbro," she was positively naive. Mlle. Ormeny, in the *Giuramento* aria was not successful, as she was persistently out of tune.

Nov. 9.—We have been favored with three more of the Rubinstein Concerts, the first on Thursday last, and the third and last, a matinee, this afternoon. Owing to the total withdrawal of street cars and hacks, the audiences have been much smaller than those of last week.

On Thursday evening Rubinstein gave us his transcription of the *Egmont* overture with the vigor and effect of an orchestra. Then came the mellow, hallowed "Moonlight Sonata," softly bathing all things in the Adagio, gleaming in the Allegretto, and almost flashing in the Presto Agitato. I truly can say I had never before heard the "Moonlight Sonata." The centre of attraction of the evening was the "Kreutzer" Sonata. Often as I have heard it and as well as I imagined I knew it, it seemed as though I had read but the title before these two artists had explained it all. Chopin's C-minor *Nocturne*, *Berceuse* and *A flat Polonaise* were Rubinstein's contribution at the close of part first; and the end of the concert was reached through his attractive presentation of his own *Romance*, *Barcarole* and *Valse Caprice*.

Wieniawski's offerings to the audience were Vieuxtemp's *Air varie*, and an aria and prelude of Bach's. In response to the tremendous applause which greeted these two, he gave Ernst's "Elegie" and a composition of his own.

Mlle. Liebhart sang "Robin Adair" and "Ruck, Ruck," and Mlle. Ormeny the Hungarian song "Esa Villag." Last evening, announced as Rubinstein's benefit, attracted a much fuller house than that of the previous evening.

The great composer-artist gave Schubert's Fantasia on the "Wanderer," to me one of the most thoroughly enjoyable performances I have heard of him. At the close of Part I. two of Chopin's *Etudes*. Part II, he opened with his own Sonata for piano and violin in A-minor (?). The effect was to arouse a desire to hear it again. Wieniawski gave Ernst's Fantasia on Bellini's *Il Pirata* and wrought the audience up to the boiling point of enthusiasm; they were hardly to be restrained during the marvellous performance, and when it ended round upon round of applause mingled with cheers (!) rushed through the house. After Bach's "Chaconne," in response to

the encore he gave Paganini's "Carnavale di Venezia"; and on the score of that performance I think it may be justly decreed that he is indeed a "rival to the memory of Paganini." Mlle Ormeny sang "Una Voce," and Mlle. Liebhart "Leise, Leise," from *Der Freischütz*, rather well, but marred the effect by her performance of "Home, Sweet Home." Rubinstein closed the concert with four transcriptions by Liszt: Rossini's "Gita in Gondola," Turkish March from the *Ruins of Athens*; Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser," and again the "Erl King." Every note in the last sang forth the word it is given to express far better than it is sung by very many classical singers.

This afternoon the matinee and last concert was given. The day being very clear and fine, the house was quite full. Rubinstein gave, as his opening number, three pieces of Chopin's: a *Ballade* (G minor), *Nocturne* and *Scherzo*. His second appearance was with some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* and "Variations Serieuses." Wieniawski played Beethoven's fresh Romanza for the violin and a sparkling, dashing Polonaise of his own. For encore he played a "Slumber Song." In Part II. he gave us Ernst's "Elegie," a valse and a mazourka of his own; the latter was especially attractive. The Schubert "Rondo" for piano and violin was the "piece de resistance." The ladies sang their parts as usual—Miss Ormeny a trifle better in her "Non piu mesta," and Mlle Liebart not so well in "Ruck, Ruck" and "I love my love." The last number was for Rubinstein, consisting of his "Melancholie," "Tarantelle," "Romance," and "Valse Capriccio"; and as they sparkled from his fingers they seemed as a bouquet thrown to us, saying "Au revoir."

Next Saturday Mr. Wolfsohn's second Orchestra Matinee takes place. On the 19th Theo. Thomas begins a series of concerts; and on the 27th our Handel and Haydn Society sing *Elijah* with Mme. Rudersdorff, Simpson and Whitney.

EUSTACE.

Music in New York—Thomas and his Orchestra at Steinway Hall.

NEW YORK, NOV. 12.—The musical events of the past fortnight have been so numerous that I can only briefly touch upon each one, although many of them deserve extended notice. To begin with the Italian Opera—which, musically, is of the least importance—we had on Monday, Oct. 28, a wretched representation of the *Trovatore*, with Miss Kellogg as Leonora, supported by a cast the most pitiable which I ever saw. The Prima Donna I will not criticize, as she was weighed down and depressed by the coldness of the audience, and would have sung better had her surroundings been different. On the Wednesday following Mr. Maretzek gave us a novelty in the shape of "La Favorita," with Mme. Lucca as Leonora and Sig. Abrugnedo as Fernando. Sig. Sparapani took the role of the King. On Friday, Nov. 1, we had *Don Giovanni*, with Mme. Lucca and Miss Kellogg. This was followed, Nov. 2, by a matinee of *Fra Diavolo*, an opera in which Mme. Lucca has appeared with great success. On Monday, Nov. 4, *La Favorita* was repeated, and Mme. Lucca gained much applause in the air, "O mio Fernando," and the duet "Vieni, ah! vieni." On Wednesday evening, Nov. 6, Miss Kellogg sang in "Crispino e la Comare." Sig. Ronconi played the cobbler to perfection. I cannot say that he sang it equally well, for his voice is long past recall. The opera, without any musical pretension, has the merit of novelty, and, if not heard too often, is an agreeable diversion. The plot, based upon a fairy tale, is, of course, full of inconsistencies, but the interest is sustained and the bright sparkling music flows smoothly through it, rarely descending to the

commonplace. True, it is not an inspiration, but I have seen an audience very enthusiastic over worse music. Miss Kellogg, as Annetta, was charming in voice and manner; and, thanks to her singing and to the acting of Ronconi, who was irresistibly funny, the opera passed off very well; but the audience was the smallest I ever beheld in the Academy, and it was far easier to count the full boxes than to estimate the empty ones.

Last winter, under Strakosch's management, seats which cost four dollars were frequently sold in front of the Academy for five and six dollars. Now they can be bought there at half price, and the owners of boxes frequently make the best of a bad bargain by sending their tickets to be sold on the streets for what they will bring. Look on this picture and then on that.

The other operatic representations were as follows: Nov. 8, *Nozze di Figaro*, with Mme. Lucca, Miss Kellogg and Mme. Leoni Lavielle; and Nov. 9, Saturday Matinee, at which *La Favorita* was given for the third time.

The Concerts I will mention in the order in which they came.

First there have been two rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society, on Nov. 1st and 8th, respectively, the central portion of which was Beethoven's 7th Symphony. The other pieces are the inevitable *Tannhauser* overture and the *Prinzessin Rhe* overture (new), by Erdmannshofer. Then there was the rehearsal of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, which, with an orchestra of sixty and Carl Bergmann as conductor, rivals our New York society. The works in rehearsal here are the 5th symphony of Beethoven, Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," and Liszt's "Mazeppa." The first concert will take place on Saturday evening, Nov. 30, and the remaining concerts will be on Jan. 11, 1873, Feb. 8, March 29, and May 10. The concerts of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society will be given on the following dates: Saturday evenings, Nov. 16, Dec. 14, Jan. 18, 1873, Feb. 15, March 15 and April 19. Many of our amateurs will not fail to attend the concerts at the Brooklyn Academy as well those in New York.

Two concerts were given on the evening of Nov. 7. One at Steinway Hall by our excellent resident pianist, Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, whose pianoforte recitals formed so agreeable a feature in the musical record of last winter. He had the assistance of Mme. Izora Elder and the support of a full orchestra. The programme opened with Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture, hardly to be recognized through the treatment which it received. This was followed by an aria from *Faust*, sung by Mme. Elder. The main feature of the evening was a symphony by Herr Bonawitz (No. 3, in A minor), of which I cannot speak critically, as I only heard the last movement. It seemed to be well scored, and the finale abounds in fine delicate passages which did not receive justice from the violins in the orchestra. A free use was made of the various ill-mannered brass instruments and members of the cymbal and the triangle tribe, which, in my opinion, ought to be seen and not heard. The fine pianism of Herr Bonawitz was the main attraction of the evening. He played an Introduction and Scherzo of his own, with Orchestra; Mozart's Fantasia in D minor; a *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by Liszt (one which is seldom played here), and Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. (Does not the last selection come a little too soon after Rubinstein's performance of it?)

Herr Bonawitz's playing is characterized by a simplicity of style which is almost severe at times; a firm, clear touch, and great facility of execution, combined with a poetic fire and grace of expression which was shown best in his rendering of Mozart's Fantasia. The audience was a large one.

The Bonawitz pianoforte recitals, to take place during the winter, will be three in number. The first one will come on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4, on which occasion Miss Antoinette Sterling will sing.

The other concert, on the same evening (Nov. 7), was given at the Academy by Mrs. Charlotte V. Winterburn (nee Hutchings), who is favorably known as a singer in Oratorio. This concert was really entitled to be called "grand"—as a miscellaneous

entertainment, it could hardly be surpassed. Mrs. Winterburn was assisted by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, of Boston; Herr Benno Walter, Solo Violinist to the King of Bavaria (his first appearance in America); Adolphus Lockwood, Harpist, from London, and G. W. Colby, Accompanist; but the crowning glory of all was Theo. Thomas's superb orchestra, looking as fresh as though they had not travelled half over the United States since last summer, and playing, it seemed to me, better than ever.

The overture to *Tannhauser* opened the programme. This was followed by the air "Que Sdegno," from the "Magic Flute," splendidly sung by Mr. Whitney. This gentleman made a marked impression by his fine voice and artistic delivery.

Herr Benno Walter followed with Spohr's long Concerto in D minor. His playing, though not remarkable for breadth of tone, evinced a fine and musicianlike spirit, and a remarkable purity of intonation, which, together with the beautiful manner in which the orchestral parts were rendered, made this concerto one of the most interesting numbers on the long programme.

Mrs. Winterburn sang Handel's lovely air, "Lascia ch'io pianga," and was warmly applauded. Selections from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Orchestra and two songs by Mrs. Winterburn, which I could not remain to hear, closed the first part of the programme.

Part second opened with Weber's *Oberon* Overture by the Orchestra, who played also Liszt's Rakoczy March. Mrs. Winterburn sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster," very dramatically. Mr. Lockwood played "La danse des fées," by Parish Alvars. Mr. Whitney sang "The freshening breeze," by Randegger; and Herr Walter played Ernst's grand Fantasia on "Othello," confirming the good impression he made by his first performance. The audience was larger than at the Opera on the night previous, and received an adequate return for their money, which those who attended the Opera did not get.

This brings the record up to Saturday, Nov. 9, when the first of the six Symphony Concerts to be given by Theodore Thomas took place at Steinway Hall. A glance at the hall at five minutes before 8 o'clock was all that was needful to settle the question whether these series would pay. The hall was filled to the highest gallery, and the small hall at the back, only used on special occasions, was thrown open to accommodate those who were unable to find seats elsewhere. The programme opened with Gluck's noble overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, played with all the fire and fervor of a company of artists. A better rendering could scarcely be possible.

Mr. Geo. L. Osgood then made his bow to us and sang the aria: "Costanze," from Mozart's *Seraglio*. His uncertain rendering of the recitative and a slight huskiness in his voice showed that he was suffering from nervousness; which, however, wore off when in part second of the programme he gave us five songs by Schumann, written to Lenau's Poems, namely:—

"Lied eines Schmiedes," with its curious hammer and anvil-like accompaniment; "Meine Rose;" "Kommen und Scheiden;" "Die Sennin;" and "Der Schwere Abend."

These were beautifully rendered, and the audience, although they had little relish for such solid musical food as Schumann's Songs, could not refuse an encore to the sweet voiced tenor, and in the selection with which he responded he appeared to the best advantage. The great seventh Symphony by Beethoven, in part first of the programme, was played as I have never heard it, save in the Conservatoire at Paris. From the first note of introduction to the end it received the most masterly treatment, and the beauty of the Allegretto never seemed to me so divine. This work was wisely placed just before the intermission, for we needed the repose after such sustained attention. The orchestral pieces in part second were: "Wotan's Abschied," from Wagner's "Die Walkuren," and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz"—pieces which I will not attempt to describe. Indeed I could only say of the latter, "I know that it is ugly, but I feel that it is great."

The second Symphony Concert will be given on Saturday evening, Dec. 28, when Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony will be performed.

This week all our thoughts and plans are swallowed up in one topic of absorbing interest, and if we think of music it is the music of voices tremulous with tender feeling for a suffering city to which we are bound by every tie of sympathy and brotherhood; and we do not forget that, were we similarly afflicted, Boston would be the first to extend the right hand of fellowship.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 30, 1872.

Our readers have all heard of the Great Boston Fire. They have readily imagined, no doubt, that even our small quiet nook of journalism was not wholly undisturbed amid the wholesale ruin; and if they missed their paper of Nov. 16, they have guessed the cause. It is true the flames came very near us; had they not been stayed within a narrow street's width of our publishers, Messrs. Ditson & Co., there might have been no DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC for some time to come. As it was, our worthy printer, Mr. Spooner, was the sufferer; half of the matter for the missing number stood already in type, when the devouring monster pounced upon him, and almost in no time he was "swept out clean," his types ran molten lead, his presses collapsed under an unwonted pressure. But with courageous enterprise he has picked himself up and improvised another office, procured what types were to be got for love or money in these times, and now, after a fortnight's delay, sends us out in a new dress, new type throughout. But as you will see, he is still "out of sorts"—not in any moral or metaphorical, but in a literal, printer's, equivalent in this case to a typical, sense. You will miss varieties of type, accents, &c., and altogether you must take the present number, hurried out in such confusion, simply as a sign that we "still live." Henceforth the paper will resume its steady course.

The Harvard Symphony Concerts.

The eighth season opened on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7,—very auspiciously from the artistic point of view, less so from the material. For this opening fell upon a day so rainy and so chilly, in the midst of the horse epidemic, that all the street cars had to be taken off, sadly to the disappointment of that large proportion of our music lovers who dwell in the suburbs. Yet there was twice as large an audience as one could expect to see at such a time, and made up of the kind of people on whom what is best in music is not wasted. All within looked genial,—the Music Hall in the soft sheen of its fresh adornment; the bronze Beethoven seemingly alive and sympathizing there in front of the majestic Organ; the inspiring presence of the intelligent and happy audience; a fine orchestra, a noble singer, and a programme to excite most pleasing expectations.

Overture to Racine's "Athalie," Op. 74. Mendelssohn.
 **Cantata, "Ariana a Naxos." Scena for Soprano
 Solo, with Orchestra. Haydn.
 Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff.
 *Symphony, No. 1, in C, Op. 21. [Comp. 1800].
 Beethoven.

Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella." Schubert.
 Concert Aria, No. 5. Recit. "Ch'io mi scordi"; An-
 dante and Rondo: "Non temer, amato bene."
 With Piano and Orchestra. Mozart.
 Overture to "Genoveva." Schumann.

Mendelssohn's religious Overture to "Athalie" made a stately prelude for a grand series of concerts. The sweet, rich blending of the wind instruments in the vigorous opening choral strain at once gave assurance of sound material and discipline in what had been regarded as the least sure portion of the orchestra; and the strings on their part made the promise good. There were nine first violins (the tenth being absent), headed as usual by Mr. Eichberger, and including Mr. Schultze, the leader, and Mr. Hamm, the valuable new member of the Quintette Club, besides Messrs. H. Suck, Ford, Allen, Torrington, &c.; eight second violins, under the old lead of the brothers Eichler; six violas, with a new life infused into them by the return of Mr. Heindl; six remarkably good 'cellos, among them Wulf Fries, Hennig [newly of the Quintette Club],

A. Suck and A. Heindl; and six strong contrabassos. Never before have we been so fortunate in our wind instruments. With Mr. Goering still for the first flute; with the rich and lovely clarinet tone of Mr. Weber, matched with a new and worthy second in Mr. Whittemore; with Kutzleb's sure and beautiful first oboe; and an admirable pair of bassoons (Eltz, happily regained, and Becher),—there is very little more to be desired, whether of tone-color, or clear execution and expressive phrasing, on the part of the gentler double quartet of the wind band; while all the brass,—the double pair of horns, the pair of trumpets, even the three trombones,—with no lack of vitality and strength, are noted for a smoother, more subdued, harmonious blending than has been characteristic of our orchestras before. We will not have the rashness to call it a great orchestra; and doubtless it is still far from perfect for one of its moderate size. But it is a great gain on the past, and may without presumption address itself to its high tasks. Mr. ZERBAHN may now feel happy in a pretty reasonable assurance that he has men to deal with by whom his intentions, and those of the composer, will for the most part be quickly understood and realized.

This first Overture made a fine impression, deepening that of last year, when it was first introduced into these Concerts. So too did the second, and the third. Schubert's to "Alfonso and Estrella," with its broad, grandiose introduction, and its bright, fascinating theme in the quick part, was all too short. It is a brilliant and exhilarating composition, uniting noble grandeur with a wholesome and vivacious buoyancy of spirits; a splendid piece of instrumentation, without any of the modern extravagance; beautiful, refreshing, henceforth ever sure to please. The vital quality and temper of the orchestra, its satisfactory ensemble, exhibited itself nowhere more palpably than in this work. The "Genoveva" Overture could be relied on as a sure card for a finale, which no one, though it has been given every season in these concerts, would be willing to lose. Uniting so much of the Schumann individuality, so much delicate, poetic sentiment and pathos, so much ever fresh romance, with an unflagging force and brilliancy, it charms likewise by perfect unity of form, directness and certainty of movement, and subtlety of texture. This too was in the main well rendered.

Beethoven's earliest Symphony, in C, had never before had place in the seventy or more programmes of the Harvard Concerts, and it was only fit that it should at last be given to complete the nine. Familiar as it once was through smaller orchestras, we think it proved more fresh and full of beauties upon this revival than many had anticipated. If it moves mainly in the smaller forms of Haydn and Mozart, and reflects their very style of thought, partakes of their naive and happy spirit, yet it shows many an intimation of the traits so grandly, wonderfully developed in his after works; the Beethoven individuality already peeps out; here is a new man, an original, all must have felt who heard its first performance. And is it not most interesting to meet for once the strong, long suffering giant, the brooding

deep-souled poet, in his youthful freshness rejoicing in the beauty of the world? For one we must confess we never before half realized the loveliness of this too familiar early work. And the orchestra played it as if to them too it was a new delightful revelation in what they had considered an old story. The whole rendering was characterized by great delicacy and clearness, and good light and shade; especially the Andante with its charming variations. The only question would be whether one or two of the tempi were not taken a little too fast.

The novelty, the memorable feature of the concert was the "Ariadne" Cantata by Haydn, a composition of such dramatic progress and intensity, traversing so wide a range of emotions, from the blissful, tender dream of the deserted maiden awaking with her lover's name upon her lips, through the gradual realization of her solitude, to the calling down of heaven's vengeance on the betrayer,—containing a whole history in a single scena,—that one becomes alive to a hitherto unsuspected power in Haydn, and is inclined to think the world has met with serious loss in the destruction of those Operas of his by fire. Ariadne is supposed to be lying on a bed of moss upon the rocky isle of Naxos, just awaking from sleep. The words, superior as poetry to what we commonly find in the Italian texts to those things, invite to the largest and most varied exercise of all the powers of musical cantabile and recitative, as well as graphic instrumentation. We give the close translation, made for the programme by the singer herself, which greatly helped the understanding of the hearers.

Recitative.—Theseus, my love! where art thou?

Ah, where art thou?
 To me it seemed thou wert near me;
 But a flatterer, yet fallacious dream deceived me!

Already the heav'n's o'erspreads the rose-colored morn,
 And the grasses and flowers are tinted by the rays

That crown the brow of golden Phœbus.
 Oh spouse, oh spouse adored, whither are turned thy steps?

Perhaps, to chase the forest deer thy noble ardor called thee hence.

Oh hasten, return, beloved one.

And sweeter prey to thee I'll offer!

Thy loving Ariadne's heart that faithfully adores thee,

Ah! clasp with closer embrace to thine own,
 And let with all resplendent fire shine forth our love!

To be from thee divided for but one instant,
 passes all endurance.

Oh, the desire again to behold thee fills my whole soul!

All my heart yearns for thee! Come then, thou, my idol!

Largo.—Where art thou, my life's best treasure?

Who withhold thee from this fond heart?

If thou linger'st, all joy, all pleasure,

Changed to woe, for aye depart.

Oh ye gods, bend down in mercy.

Grant this pray'r to you ascending:

Let my love to me return!

Rec.—No one listens! My sad words echo but repeats!

Theseus hears me not! Theseus answers not,
 And the waves and the breezes carry hence my accents!

Andante.—Yet not distant from me ought he to be!

Let me ascend the highest of these Alpine rocks,

From there discover him!

Allegro vivace. Recitative.—

What see I? Oh heavens! Unhappy me!

Those are the sails of the Argosy! Greeks are those yonder!

Theseus! 'T is he stands at the prow!
Am I deceiving myself? No, no, 't is no error!
He flies me! And here, all alone, abandons
me!
Further hope there is not:—I am forsaken!
Theseus! Theseus! Hear me! But alas, I
am raving,
The sea, the winds bear him away forever
from my sight!
Ye gods, be just to me, and punish the traitor!
Ingrate! Why did I save thee from death?
How couldst thou thus cruelly traduce me, thy
own promises, and all thy sacred vows?
Betrayed! Deceiver! And hast thou the
heart to leave me?

Adagio.—To whom can I turn me, from whom for
pity hope?

Oh—I am fainting—my strength forsakes me!
In this dread, this bitter moment,
I feel my inmost soul failing and trembling.

Andante.—Ah! how for death I am longing,
In this most fatal instant!
But to suffer these fierce torments,
The gods condemn me to live.

Allegro presto.—Woe's me! deceived, betrayed,
Earth holds no consolation!
Whom I so loved, forsakes me,
Heartless, unfaithful, cruel!

Here certainly is scope for a musician and for a great singer. Haydn has made a noble composition out of it, for him surprisingly dramatic and intense, full of variety and contrast and of delicate transitions, rich in broad, flowing melodies and in the noblest recitative, and with most beautiful, suggestive use of the full orchestra. The work as a whole has not the rounded form of the Mozart Aria; indeed scarcely any form at all; it simply shapes itself to all the ins and outs and changes of the words; continually new melodies separated by long passages of recitative, during which however the orchestra is frequently melodious; nor is there any unity of key preserved; it begins in E-flat major, a soft symphonic prelude hinting the dawn of day, and ends in an impassioned Presto in F minor; but there is plenty of poetic unity and the true modulation of emotion. Mme. Rudersdorff was equal to her arduous task, entering fully into the spirit of the work, and reproducing all its meaning, power and beauty in a style and with an effect of which we doubt if any other singer now before the world is capable. It was a noble instance of the great old art of song, which has become so rare. It is true, her voice is no longer fresh and youthful, and some things cost her obvious effort, which come out with careless ease from a young singer. But the voice is still a large and rich one in the greater part of its compass, which is very great; it still has tones of the very sweetest,—what could be more so than the long pure note with which the scene begins, calling in blissful reverie the name of "Te-seo!" Her recitative was altogether nobly expressive, now full of tenderness, now of alarm and fear, and then of burning scorn and indignation; while in those large, broad passages of pure *Cantabile*, her middle and lower tones had a voluminous rich diapason calibre and quality, with a significant tone coloring, more satisfactory than is hardly ever heard in a soprano singer in these days. Both melody and declamation were superb. If now and then an impassioned and emphatic high tone was a little harsh, it was easily forgiven to the mature consummate art of such a singer,—a singer who even in her singing shows how musically she includes in her conception not the voice part alone, but everything which

goes to make up the whole composition, orchestral and vocal. It would be impossible for a Conductor to know such a work more thoroughly than she does. Such singing renews the tradition of the great days of song. From such a performance every singer ought to learn. And with all its intensity, all the abandon of the singer, it had the repose of Art; there was nothing overdone, nothing extravagant; the fire was there, but it was kept in strict control within the bounds of Art.—We may say all this safely, for we are not alone in our opinion. So far as we could see, or have been able to learn since, the impression on that audience was profound. Witness the glowing criticisms, fair specimens of all that have appeared, which we transcribe on our last page. We are the more moved to copy them, considering the harsh disparagement which some even of the same journals have been wont to heap upon this lady's singing ever since she was so unfortunately out of place, as every real artist could but be, in that vain-glorious Babel tower, the "Coliseum." Now she has reclaimed her true, legitimate position as an artist, and all the lovers of sincere high Art welcome her back to it.—The Mozart Aria in the second part was another instance of superb interpretation; for the air was better suited to her voice than it was to the singer of last year. The *obligato* pianoforte part was beautifully played by Mr. HUGO LEONHARD:—a part by no means unimportant, for Mozart wrote it, as he says upon the score, "for Mlle. Storace and me."

The second concert, Nov. 21, had a much larger audience, though not up to the mark of last year; nor could it be expected so soon after the Great Fire. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Medea".....Cherubini.
Violin Concerto in E minor, op. 64.....Mendelssohn.
Miss Therese Liebe.
Symphony in E flat.....Mozart.
Violin Solos:
a. Adagio.....Tartini.
b. Minuet and Trio.....Mozart.
Overture to "The Ruler of the Spirits," ("Rubezahl")
Weber.

The ever welcome "Medea" Overture by Cherubini, a work of pure classic beauty, and the romantic early one by Weber, full of anticipations of the wild, mysterious *Freyschuetz* element, as well as of fresh, fragrant melodies for flute, oboe, clarinet, were given with precision and good light and shade, and were listened to with close attention and true satisfaction. Mozart's lovely E flat Symphony, always a favorite, was more appreciated than ever; its charm is perennial. The stately introduction, in which the instrumentation sounds so full and large without the modern extra brass, followed by an Allegro in no way disappointing; the perfectly lovely Andante, with its delicious comminglings of soft reed and flute tones, and the exquisite bringing together of a first and second motive; the witching little Minuet and Trio (taken rather too fast for the clear effect of the low clarinet arpeggio); and the hilarious, airy, graceful Finale (again a whit too fast perhaps), were clearly and expressively defined, and a true Mozartean warmth of coloring suffused the whole.

The Fraulein THERESE LIEBE is a young German girl, the daughter of a musician of Strassburg, not 18 years of age. For several years she and her family have made their home in London, whither the young girl violinist was sent with a warm letter of commendation by Rossini to Sir Julius Benedict. Mme. Rudersdorff has taken a sincere artist interest in her, and has enlisted her in her Ameri-

can concert party. She has a fine musical organization, is wholly unspoiled by applause and unsophisticated in her musical direction, being partial to the best and loving to play Bach and the old masters of the violin better than the brilliant effect pieces. Her graceful, modest, unaffected manner and appearance, her intellectual, fine-cut features, bespeak a cordial interest at once. Her playing of the Mendelssohn Concerto was very sure and pure and delicate, showing a truly musical conception and right schooling. Her execution for one so young is very remarkable; her tone sweet and true, with slight occasional swerving, rather than very broad and powerful. Some have complained that she did not play with more fire and intensity, and have been so unjust as to compare her with the greatest of mature virtuosos of the violin. "She does not play like Wieniawski," one says! Nor does she look like him; what then? From a true standpoint of appreciation, this chaste, delicate, virginal style of playing is not a negative quality, but is to be considered as a positive virtue. The intensity, the fire, the passion, which could be only imitated and affected now, can only truly come of much experience, not of Art only, but of life. One must have suffered to be strong. Goethe has a parable which begins:

"The patient Muses would impart
To Psyche their poetic art."

It went on slowly; the teaching did not thrive, till "Love came by with look and fire, and the whole course was learned outright." For "Love" read the whole heart's experience, human life with all its great excitements and its sorrows, and the parable applies. The two small solo pieces were given with string quartet accompaniment. The Adagio by Tartini is a choice strain of sweet religious melody, which was beautifully expressed; and the bright, piquant Mozart Minuet—from one of his Divertimentos for an orchestra of strings and two horns,—with its tripping staccato, was so neatly, tellingly performed, that the young lady had to come back and repeat it.

The third concert comes next Thursday (Dec. 5), when another young lady of Mme. Rudersdorff's troupe, Miss ALICE FAIRMAN, contralto, will sing Bach's Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio, with orchestral accompaniments as completed by Robert Franz, besides some choice old Italian melodies. Miss ANNA MEHLIG, too, will play the Liszt Concerto in E flat, a Nocturne by Chopin, and a grand Prelude and Fugue by Bach. The Overtures will be Mozart's to "La Clemenza di Tito" (first time for many years) and Mendelssohn's to "Ruy Blas." The Symphony will be a new one (here) by Gade, No. 5, in D minor, of which the instrumentation is unique in the employment of the Piano as a member of the orchestra. (Possibly, however, after rehearsal it may be deemed wiser to substitute the same composer's second Symphony, in E.)

And now come THEODORE THOMAS'S "Unrivalled Concerts," to lend a musical halo to the coming week! Besides these, the Harvard Concerts with their Public Rehearsals, and the *Messiah* at Christmas, little is certain in the way of music before New Year. The great fire proves a damper (pardon the Hibernicism) upon concert enterprises. Many have retired from the field. Whether even Rubinstein will venture back at present remains to be seen. The Matinees of Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg are postponed,—we trust not for long,—the lovers of such music cannot well afford to go without it; and in dark times we need the heartening religious cheer of real divine music.

In the scramble to get out a paper without the printer's usual conveniences, types too large, &c., we have entirely miscalculated our space. This we discover when it is too late for long, monopolizing articles to move up, or move out, and make room for other matters equally entitled to a place. Some interesting chamber concerts of the Conservatories, some good Organ concerts, a word more about Rubinstein, later Correspondence, &c., &c., are crowded out for the present.

What they say of the First Symphony Concert.

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

The cantata was the novelty of the day, it never having been given here before. It is a work of great breadth and power, and quite out of Haydn's general style, save in the regularly formed melodies, which are marked with his peculiar terms of expression, and his now old-fashioned final cadences. It is remarkable in its impassioned intensity, and its instrumentation, in its fulness, vigor and dramatic fire. Irresistibly reminds one of the thoughtful and solid scoring of Gluck. The work, though brief, is a masterpiece, and were it not for a certain faint breath of quaintness that now and then appears, it is as fresh as if it had been written to-day. The recitatives are unusually fine, and are strikingly impressive in their sympathy with the sentiment of the text. . . . Madame Rudersdorff interpreted this exacting and expressive work in a style whose nobility and breadth it is almost impossible to describe. It was one of the most superb pieces of musical declamation to which we have ever listened. There is no living singer we can call to mind who can give so grand a coloring to this work as it received at Madame Rudersdorff's hands. In its dramatic force, intensity of expression, clearness of conception, unity of design and the extraordinary vigor and intellectual refinement that distinguished the whole performance, it was an effort never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. The earnestness and enthusiasm which Madame Rudersdorff brought to bear upon her work, her evident love and admiration for the composition, her conscientious care and artistic fervor, were as remarkable as they were above all praise. In her rendition of this fine work, Madame Rudersdorff proved she was one of that race of great lyric artists, whose wonderful dramatic powers have become a tradition, and of whom now there is no representative save herself. The voice is certainly worn, but the power, expression, fire and intelligence of the artist are almost in their pristine vigor, and enabled her to give one of the most brilliant, satisfying and intellectual vocal performances to which we have listened for years. It affords us great pleasure to be able to speak thus favorably of Madame Rudersdorff's effort of yesterday afternoon, as we had not previously heard her in that class of music in which she excels, and had consequently misjudged the extent of her powers. Her singing of Mozart's concert air was marked by chasteness of style and purity of sentiment, and was, in point of taste, and in breadth of style and sympathy with the composer, a fitting pendant to her previous grand effort.

The orchestral part of the programme deserves high commendation. Mendelssohn's "Athalie" overture was given with great clearness and beauty of expression. The delightful Beethoven Symphony, with its exuberance of animal spirits, its delicious youth and freshness, its wealth of melody and gorgeous coloring, was an exquisite feature in the concert. In this work we see Beethoven before he had entirely emancipated himself from the influence of Haydn and Mozart. The whole symphony was played with spirit and delicacy by the orchestra, whose heart seemed to be in its work. The slow movement in particular was charmingly interpreted, and the care and attention that seemed to inspire the performers one and all throughout, resulted in a highly finished and artistic performance. The "Alfonso and Estrella" overture was vigorously rendered, but it has never been a favorite with us. Schubert does not seem to have worked here with his usual freedom and enthusiasm. There are some fine outbursts of orchestralism, but the principal themes are weak and commonplace. It sounds as though the composer was jaded and uninspired when he set about it, and completed it as a necessary task rather than as a labor of love. The glorious "Geneveva" overture, which brought the concert to a close, was brilliantly and effectively played, its picturesque instrumentalism and careful working receiving every justice at the hands of the orchestra. The opening concert was a complete artistic success, and proved a noble prelude to the series to come.

[From the Globe.]

About the quality of the instrumental performance there could hardly be two opinions. The corps have certainly gained in every good quality and have largely corrected their faults, if they are to be

judged by their work of yesterday. A general strengthening and inspiring of the orchestra seem to have taken place; the "attack" of the stringed instruments is cleaner and sharper than we have ever known it, and an obvious advance has been made both in precision and vitality of style. In the overture to "Athalie," the brass instruments were put severely to the proof in a number of long and trying passages, and did their work with a cleanliness and a brilliancy to which we have not been too much accustomed in the past.

The programme was admirable, both in the intrinsic excellencies of its numbers and the agreeableness of their contrasts. The symphony—granting all that may be said of its comparative deficiency in the stronger and deeper beauties of Beethoven's later and more completely original style—is a treasury of choice things, of sweet, pure and beautiful music which charms the senses and delights the fancy, if it does not stir the soul. The fresh loveliness of the *andante*, and especially of its exquisite second melody, can scarcely be matched outside of Mozart and of the Master himself, and the *minuetto* ranks with the best music of its order in brilliant ingenuity and abundant life. In the performance of the symphony the orchestra acquitted itself admirably, distinguishing nicely in the styles of the different movements but not failing to convey a sense of unity in the whole. In the overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," however, their work showed the best of its warmth and power.

Madame Rudersdorff surprised even the warmest of her admirers by her renderings of the Haydn cantata and the concert aria by Mozart. The former of these works was presented for the first time in Boston, and so abounded in beauties as almost to confuse and puzzle the enjoying faculties of the listener. We must confine ourselves, however, to briefly mentioning the great dramatic power and propriety of the music, which touched the heart even more than its sweetness pleased the ears. Madame Rudersdorff in rendering the number displayed a splendid breadth and finish of style and a degree of dramatic insight which would have been worthy of the first of artists. The emotions of the cantata, which pass from the fanciful dreamings of an enamored maiden through almost every form of anxiety, alarm, longing, the grief and agony of insulted love, and, finally, of despair and dissolution, demand the highest power of passionate expression as well as the nicest adaptation in the expression of shades of feeling; and Madame Rudersdorff cannot be more highly praised than by being declared equal to the exigencies of the work. The listener even forgot to be displeased with the hard tones which now and then exhibited the wear and tear to which her voice has been exposed. The aria by Mozart was given with great delicacy and tenderness of feeling and with nice taste.

[From the Commonwealth.]

The elements, although very unpropitious, did not prevent the attendance of one of the usual large and select audiences that a Harvard concert invariably attracts. The conspicuous feature of the programme, and a real novelty, was the cantata, "Ariana a Naxos," by Haydn, sung by Madame Erminia Rudersdorff.

We are under great obligations to the lady and to Mr. Dwight for the opportunity of hearing this superb work, which exhibits the composer's genius in a new phase. For a piece of its length we know of no other contemporaneous work of its class comparable with it in dramatic fire, nobility of style and depth of sentiment. A fine translation of the text made by Madame Rudersdorff, printed upon the programmes, made the spirit of the music at once familiar and comprehensible. The artist's rendering was superb beyond comparison. The music presents singular and intricate difficulties in its recitative and in its contrasted movements. From the opening note expressive of Ariadne's hopeful waking to the despairing gloom of the tragic *finale*, the artist's conception was impressively majestic, and her rendering magnificent in the grandeur of its declamation, the breadth and beauty of coloring, and the refined delicacy of expression. We are more than pleased to record the unequivocal triumph of Madame Rudersdorff in the highest sphere to which a vocalist can attain, and one in which she has not had previous opportunity to exhibit the splendid developments of her best powers. The Mozart aria in the second part was comparable with Madame Rudersdorff's previous effort in breadth of interpretation and purity of style.

The orchestral portions afforded a rare treat, of which the most delectable dainty was the Beethoven symphony No. 1 in C.

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